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## The Gleichen Call.

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An astronomical enthusiast rose at 3 a.m. the other morning to view Halley's comet, at 3:30 the luminous tail began to appear in the east, he gazed on the rising phenomenon till the brilliant, dazzling orbit ascended from the horizon, in delight and wonderment. He is now of the opinion that if the other enthusiasts who have viewed the comet had waited a little longer they would have seen it draw up at the depot.

## A Lodge of Mourning

A very impressive service was held last Sunday afternoon, in the Masonic Hall, when the local brethren held a "Lodge of Mourning" for their illustrious Sovereign-Brother King Edward VII.

The service was thrown open to the public, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of uniting with the fraternity in honoring the memory of the deceased King. Owing to limited space the service was

The large room was tastefully draped in black and purple and a further end of the hall hung a large portrait of King Edward. But the most attractive feature was the large imposing catafalque which stood in the centre of the room. Its base consisted of three steps like plumed helmets, on which rested a smaller structure supporting an urn, another and the insignia of the late King as effigy as grand master. Here were placed a pair of white gloves, a blackskin covering the whole and resting on four pillars was a striking black-colored canopy, surmounted

was a large purple crown. At each corner of the catafalque stood a tall, tapered taper in a large candlestick. On the draped altar lay on a blue cloth, resting on a large purple cushion. The whole arrangement was very effective—the black and purple standing out against the white walls, the blue and gold drapery and the beautiful blue carpet with its Masonic emblems in gold.

The Lodge of Mourning was conducted by W. Bro. D. McEain, W. M., assisted by W. Bro. A. R. Yates, I. F. W. M., with Bro. B. S. Corey, ex.acting S. Warden and Bro. T. H. Beach, J. Warden. Bro. Fearman and Newcomb were the Deacons and Bro.

The lodge room was comfortably filled with members of the fraternity and their friends, who followed with deepest interest the pathetic and impressive ceremonies, during the first part of which the blinds were drawn down and the lights in the room burned dimly. The lodge having been opened by the Wor. Master, prayer was offered by the Chaplain, and then the volunteers arose, and

the excellent leadership of Mr. T. L. Rowe, with Mr. Todd presiding over the organ, led the service in singing the ode, "O Brother Thou art gone to rest." As the music ceased, V. Bro. Yates, standing near the V. Master's pedestal, called attention to the human skull which lay there and upon which the faint light of a taper fell, and delivered some very impressive and eloquent reflections upon death. Then once again the trained voices led in another ode—"When those we love are snatched

away." The chaplain followed with some selections from the book of Job, at the close of which Bro. J. McDonald, as torch-bearer, extinguished the lights around the catafalque while the brethren stood silent with bowed heads. Then again the chaplain led in prayer according to the beautiful ritual provided. The ancient words, "So mote it be," with which it closed, had hardly died away when the voice of the Master was heard summoning the principal officers to the East, where

they marched in solemn procession around the catafalque to the strains of the "Dead March of Saul". Once around they stopped and the Junior Warden approached the catafalque and deposited a bouquet of White Carnations on the casket reminding us that they were a symbol of that pure life to which we, as Dead Brethren, have aspired.

This was followed by the Ode "Once more, O Lord, at grateful

Thus ended an altogether unique and very solemn service a service in which every Masonic Lodge in Alberta was taking part at the same

Dingman stated that at the time the agreement was made, he was not sure that he would not think that the year was hardly ample time to allow to start operations, and he had now proved to be the case. The delay, he said, was caused by the fact that the agreement was with the Blackfeet Indians. After making an examination of the conditions in this vicinity, he had come to the conclusion that the Indians had no other resources, on the reserve, possessed any advantages than any other point, and accordingly made application for the location. Negotiations proceeded slowly, but the Government was of the opinion that he would get a definite answer within a very short time. Dingman pointed out that a year was a very short time to allow to start operations, and he thought it important work necessary to be

Mr. Brigham pointed out the fact that Glacier had not filled all the terms of the agreement, as it was to have been incorporated, but so far had failed in this particular.

In Calgary it was necessary to go down about 4000 feet at Glacierhouse, 3000 feet at and at Medicine Hat, 2000 feet to reach the Dakota formation, and as it was possible the gas would be pumped from here to other points and possibly right to Calgary the necessity of making thorough preparations for the work before starting should be clear to everyone. He went on to give an intelligent discussion on the subject of borine and

It was stated by one of the ratemakers that there had been talk of another company wanting the privileges offered Mr Dingman and that it was the time for such a company to state its case. The ratemakers were to go to the city and be prepared to do and let the ratemakers know whether they would do it quicker or better than Mr Dingman. It was stated there were other men ready to take up the work, but that a company had no right to take the work without a reason that those interested would have no use for their gas if Mr Dingman was allowed the franchise. He held.

Upon the motion of Dr Rose and Geo. Wakefield it was finally decided to allow Mr Dingman an extension of three months in which to start drilling operations.

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|---------|----|----|
| 12..... | 78 | 33 |
| 13..... | 70 | 40 |
| 14..... | 61 | 40 |
| 15..... | 54 | 35 |
| 16..... | 71 | 23 |
| 17..... | 72 | 12 |

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# The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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(Continued.)

In a period of time surprisingly short Kirkwood saw, from fleeting glimpses of the scenery to be obtained through the reeling windows, that they were threading the outskirts of the town. Synchronously, whether by design or through actual inability to maintain it the speed was moderated, and in the course of a few more minutes the cat stopped definitely.

Kirkwood clambered painfully out of his bones and looked back.

Aside from a slowly settling cloud of dust, the road ran clear as far as he could see—to the point, in fact, where the town closed in about it.

He had won, at all events—insomuch as to win meant ending the persecuting Mrs. Hallam. But to what end?

Abstractedly he tendered his lonely sovereign to the driver and without even looking at it crumpled the heavy weight of change into his pocket, an oversight which not only won him the awestruck admiration of the cabby, but entailed consequences (it may be he little apprehended). It was with an absentminded nod that he acquiesced in the man's announcement that he might arrange about the boat for him. Accordingly the cabby disappeared, and Kirkwood continued to stare about him eagerly, hopefully.

He stood on the brink of the Thames estuary, there a possible five miles from shore to shore. From his feet almost a broad shingle beach sloped gently to the water.

On one hand a dilapidated picket fence inclosed the doryyard of a fisherman's cottage, or, better, hovel—if it need be accurately described—at the door of which the cabby was knocking.

Some little distance offshore a fishing boat, cat rigged and not more than twenty feet over all, swung bobbing at her mooring, keen nose searching into the wind, at sight of which Kirkwood gave thanks, for his adventitious guide had served him well, if that boat were to be hired by any manner of persuasion.

But it was to the farther reaches of the estuary that he gave more prolonged and most anxious heed, scanning slowly what shipping was there to be seen. Far out a hulk was riding the waves with serene contempt, making for the river's mouth and "Liberty" dock. But a single sailing vessel of any notable tonnage was in sight, and when he saw her Kirkwood's heart became buoyant with hope, and he began to tremble with nervous eagerness, for he believed her to be the *Alethea*.

There's no mistaking a ship brigantine rigged for any other style of craft that sails the seas.

Voices approaching brought him back to shore. He turned, resuming his mask of sanity, the better to confer with the owner of the cottage and boats, a heavy, keen eyed fellow, ungracious and truculent of habit and chary of his words, as he promptly demonstrated.

"I'll hire your boat," Kirkwood told him, "to put me aboard that brigantine off to leeward. We ought to start at once."

The fisherman shifted his gird of tobacco from cheek to cheek, grunted inarticulately and swung deliberately on his heel, displaying a bull neck above a pair of heavy shoulders.

"Dirty weather," he croaked, facing back from his survey of the eastern skies before the American found out whether or not he should resent his insolence.

"How much?" Kirkwood demanded curtly, annoyed.

The man hesitated, scowling blackly at the heeling vessel momentarily increasing her distance from the shore. Then, with a crafty smile, "Two pun, he declared.

The American nodded. "Very well," he agreed simply. "Get out your boat."

The fisherman turned away to shamble noisily over the shingle, huge booted heels crunching, toward one of the dories. To this he set his shoulder, shoving it steadily down the beach until only the stern was dry.

Kirkwood looked back for the last time, up the road to Rheerness. Nothing moved upon it. He was rid of Mrs. Hallam, if face to face with a sterner problem. He had a few pence over 10 shillings in his pocket and had promised to pay the man four times as much. He would have agreed to ten times the sum demanded, for the boat he must and would have. But he had neglected to conclude his bargain, to come to an understanding as to the method of payment, and he felt more than a little dubious as to the reception the fisherman would give his proposition, sound as he (Kirkwood) knew it to be.

In the background the cabby lolled, gnawed by insatiable curiosity. The fisherman turned, calling over his shoulder, "If ye'd catch you vessel, come!"

With one final twinge of doubt—the task of placating this surly dog was anything but inviting—the American strode to the boat and climbed in, taking the stern seat. The fisherman shoved off.

In time the dory lay alongside the catboat, the fisherman with a garbled hand grasping the latter's gunwale to

hold the two together. With some difficulty Kirkwood trussed himself, landing asprawl in the cockpit amid a tangle of cordage slippery with scales. The skipper followed, with clumsy expertness bringing the dory's painter with him and hitching it to a ringbolt abaft the rudder head. Then, pausing an instant to stare into the east with somber eyes, he shipped the tiller and bent to the halyards. As the sail rattled up, dapping wildly, Kirkwood marked with relief, for it meant so much time saved, that it was already close reefed.

But when at last the boom was thrashing overhead and the halyards had been made fast to their cleats the fisherman again stood erect, peering distrustfully at the distant wall of cloud.

Then, in two breaths, "Can't do it," he decided—"not at the price."

"Why?" Kirkwood stared despairingly after the brigantine, that was already drawn far ahead.

"Danger," growled the fellow—"wind."

At a loss completely, Kirkwood found no words. He dropped his head, considering.

"Not at the price," the sullen voice iterated, and he looked up to find the cunning gaze upon him.

"How much, then?"

"Five pun I'll have, no less, for riskin' my life this day."

"Impossible. I haven't got it."

In silence the man unshipped the tiller and moved toward the cleats.

"Hold on a minute."

Kirkwood unbuttoned his coat and freeing the chain from his waistcoat buttonholes, removed his watch. As well abandon them altogether. He had designed to leave them as security for the £2 and had delayed stating the terms only for fear lest they be refused. Now, too late, as ever, he recognized his error. But surely, he thought, it should be apparent even to that low intelligence that the timepiece alone was worth more than the boat itself.

"Will you take these?" he offered.

"Take and keep them. Only set me aboard that ship!"

Deliberately the fisherman weighed the watch and chain in his broad, hard palm, eyes narrowing to mere slits in his bronzed mask.

"How much?" he asked slowly.

"Eighty pounds together. The chain alone cost me twenty."

The shifty, covetous eyes ranged from the treasure in his hand to the threatening east. A puff of wind caught the sail and sent the boat astir as if a mighty gale. Both men ducked instinctively to escape a braining.

"How do I know?" objected the skipper.

"I'm telling you. If you've eyes you can see," retorted Kirkwood savagely, feeling that he had erred in telling the truth. The amount he had offered was too great to be grasped at once by this crude, cupidinous brain.

"How do I know?" the man repeated. Nevertheless he dropped watch and chain into his pocket, then, with a meaning grimace, extended again his horny, greedy palm.

"What?"

"Hand over the two pun and we'll go."

"I'll see you hanged first!"

"Ashore ye go." He pronounced his ultimatum, motioning Kirkwood to enter the boat.

The American turned, looking for the *Alethea* or for the vessel that he believed bore that name. She was bearing the lights when he found her, and as he looked a squall blurred the air between them, blotting the brigantine out with a smudge of rain.

The effect was as if she had vanished, as if she were forever snatched from his grasp, and with Dorothy aboard her—heaven alone knew in what need of him!

Mute and blind with despair and wrath, he turned upon the man and caught him by the collar, forcing him out over the lip of the overhang. They were unevenly matched, Kirkwood far the lighter, but strength came to him in the crisis, physical strength and address such as he had not dreamed were at his command. And the surprise of his onslaught proved an ally of unguessed potency. Before he himself knew it he was standing on the overhang and had shifted his hold to seize the fellow about the waist; then, lifting him clear of the deck and added by the lurch of the catboat, he cast him bodily into the dory. The man, falling, struck his head against one of the thwart—s a glancing blow that stunned him temporarily. Kirkwood himself dropped as if shot, a trailing reef point snapping his cheek until it stung as the boom thrashed overhead. It was as close a call as he had known. The knowledge sickened him a little.

Without rising he worked the painter loose and cast the dory adrift, then crawled back into the cockpit. No pang of compassion disturbed him as he abandoned the fisherman to the mercy of the sea. Though the fellow lay still, uncouthly distorted, in the bottom of the dory, he was in no danger. The wind and waves together would carry the boat ashore. For that matter, the man was even then recovering, struggling to sit up.

Crouching to avoid the boom, Kirkwood went forward to the bows and, grasping the mooring cable, drew it in, slipping back into the cockpit to get a stronger purchase with his feet. It was a struggle. The boat pulled sluggishly against the wind, the cable heaving in feebly. And behind him he could hear a voice bellowing inarticulate menaces and knew that in another moment the fisherman would be at his oars.

Frankly he tugged and tore at the stony rope, hauling with a will and a prayer. It gave more readily toward the end, but he seemed to have fought with it for ages when at last the an-

chor tripped and he got it in. Immediately he leaped back to the stern, fitted in the tiller and, seizing the main-sheet, drew the boom in till the wind should catch in the canvas. In the dory the skipper, lending aid by oars, was not two yards astern.

He was hard about when, the sail billowing with a bang, Kirkwood pulled



Lifting him clear of the deck, he cast him bodily into the dory.

the tiller up, and the catboat slid away, a dozen feet separating them in a breath.

A yell of rage boomed down the wind, but he paid no heed. Careless alike of the dangers he had passed and those that yawned before him, he triumphed the sheet and stood away on the port tack, heading directly for the *Nore* lights.

## A SPLENDID SELECTION.

Major J. E. Hutchinson Appointed Adjutant of the Bisley Team.

The Militia Department of the Dominion has made an admirable selection as adjutant of the Bisley team in the person of Major J. E. Hutchinson, of Ottawa, who has for many years been recognized as one of the best rifle shots in Canada and who in his administrative capacity and as a coach will be invaluable to the Bisley team of 1910.

Major Hutchinson is one of the best known business men of Ottawa and one of the most active and popular officers of the Forty-third Regiment. He has been rifle shooting successfully for over a quarter of a century and was the Canadian coach at the last Palma trophy match shoot at Ottawa. He has qualified for Bisley some 16 or 18 times and has been with the team to shoot at the English butts twice. He has won one second and two third prizes in the Governor-General's match at Ottawa at the meets of the Dominion Rifle Association and his shooting record during the last 25 years has been scarcely equalled by any other shot in Canada. Mr. Hutchinson is superintendent of the Ottawa Electric Railway and the splendid management of that concern is in a large measure due to his executive ability. He was born in Brockville, September 15, 1863, and was educated in the public and grammar schools of that town. In 1876 he entered the service at Saratoga. After the release of the Healden troops, many of them returned to Canada, and a large number took up land in the frontier wilderness. In this parish their descendants are still living, but distinguished by the other elements of the population only by their German names.

In the frontier wilderness they were joined by U. E. Loyalists from the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson River. The latter were, as a rule, people of some means, trained to farming, and they soon hewed out for themselves homes in the new land, where they ended their days as British subjects beneath the flag under which they were born.

In their Hudson River settlements they had owned negro slaves, and a number of these accompanied them on their northern migration, desiring to throw in their lot with their masters in the new North. They helped to fell the trees and build the log house and barns, to get in the crops in the stumpy fields, and to make the pioneer life of their masters, their families and themselves as comfortable as possible. They lived out their days with their masters, and when life ended were, in many cases, buried on the farms their labor had helped to win from the forest.

In like manner a considerable number of negro slaves accompanied their Loyalist masters from the revolutionary colonies to Nova Scotia and Upper Canada, and so for a number of years there was a small negro slave population in Canada. But slavery never got firmly rooted in Canadian soil and early in our history the unrighteous institution was by strict legislation torn up root and branch

and trampled under foot. And so Canada was spared the curse that blighted the Southern States, and whose evil consequences are still felt by fully one-fourth of the population of the American Union.

The earliest recorded case of a slave being sold in Canada occurred early in our history. In 1629, only twenty-one years after Champlain had founded Quebec, the city was captured by David Kirk, and for a year or two the place was held by the English. At that time, it is recorded, Kirk sold a negro boy from Madagascar for fifty half-crowns. But there was slavery in Canada before that time. Indians held in bondage a number of the members of distant conquered tribes, and these were known as *Panis*. King Louis XIV., in 1689, by royal mandate, gave permission to Canadians to import negro slaves, and a number were brought from the West India islands. There were a few of these slaves in the colony when in 1760 it was surrendered to the British Crown.

That there were slaves in Halifax shortly after it was settled by the English in 1749, is clearly shown by an advertisement which appeared in a newspaper known as *The Evening Post*, and published in Boston, Mass., then, of course, a British city. The advertisement appeared in September, 1751, only two years after Halifax was founded, and it stated: "Just arrived from Halifax, and to be sold, ten strong, hearty negro men, mostly tradesmen, such as caulkers, carpenters, sailmakers and ropemakers. Any person wishing to purchase may enquire of Benjamin Hallowell, of Boston."

In the *Nova Scotia Gazette* of Halifax, of May 30, 1752, appeared a lengthy advertisement offering for sale a number of negro slaves, among

## SLAVERY IN CANADA

FOR MANY YEARS NEGROES WERE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

The Institution Never Gained the Hold Here, However, That It Did in the United States, and Finally Britain's Stand in the Matter Settled It For Good—Canada Was the Promised Land For the Blacks.

Less than a mile from the International Boundary, and close to one of the highways that run northward from Vermont into Missisquoi County, Quebec, rises a huge black pile of moss-covered stone, differing only in one respect from many other projecting ledges common throughout this hilly, limestone country. The difference consists in its name, for this huge shoulder of stone is known in all that countryside as "Nigger Rock," because at its base are buried a little company of black men and women who lived and died on Canadian territory in what was practically a mild, almost a paternal, form of slavery. Almost one hundred years have passed since the grave closed over the last of that little company of exiles. The graves have been obliterated, but the monument of Nature's making will always remain to mark the spot at which the pilgrimage of these colored folk came to an end.

This part of Missisquoi County, the old parish of St. Armand, was largely settled by Hessians who, in the service of Great Britain during the War of the American Revolution

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One of the Smartest

formed a considerable part of that naturally efficient army that the incapacity of Burgoyne led to disaster at Saratoga. After the release of the Healden troops, many of them returned to Canada, and a large number took up land in the frontier wilderness. In this parish their descendants are still living, but distinguished by the other elements of the population only by their German names.

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## A NARROW ESCAPE.

An Englishman's Adventures in British Columbia.

A London magazine publishes the following thrilling story of adventure in British Columbia. It is vouched for as true:

A bright, crisp morning at the end of March, 1900, found me standing at the door of my log cabin gazing down the valley of Hat Creek, in British Columbia, some 6,000 miles away from England. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a band of wild horses, which I saw outside my fence, about half a mile away, near a meadow in which my horses were grazing. As I looked, the lord and master of the band, a fine black stallion, leapt the fence. I ran down the hill to the meadow, but too late; the horse had jumped back, followed by a valuable grey mare of mine, and, regaining the band, galloped away with them.

I knew that if I did not cut my mare off from the rest of the horses there was small chance of my ever seeing her again. In less than five minutes I was in the saddle, galloping madly after the fast-moving band, which had now reached the fringe of trees at the foothills and were rapidly disappearing into the forest beyond. For hour after hour I continued the chase—through valleys and forests, over hills, and across plains. At length, about two o'clock, I drew rein and reluctantly gave up the chase. For a couple of hours I rested with my horse by the side of a small river, when suddenly, about four o'clock, the trumpet-like blast of a wild stallion startled me to my feet, and there, only a few yards away, was my mare with the rest of the horses. They were gone like a flash and I, like a fool, decided, to my everlasting regret, to follow them.

But again I saw the chase was hopeless, and had decided to give it up when one of the reins suddenly gave way, and I was practically at the mercy of my steed. He took advantage of this, and rushed madly after the flying horses. I was powerless, so all I could do was to stick to the saddle. Which direction we were going I knew not nor cared, for most of my time was taken up with dodging trees and drawing my feet up to avoid getting caught in projecting branches. Suddenly, in the fast-gathering dusk, before me lay a sheet of ice some thirty feet long.

At the pace we were traveling it was impossible to pull up; so, hunching up his back, my horse prepared for the leap. He made a tremendous bound in the air. Then came a great crash, a thousand lights danced before my eyes, and all was blank. Some hours later I opened my eyes to see a bright moon shining overhead. I lay for some time in a sort of dream, until at length consciousness fully returned to me and I attempted to raise my head, which was now beginning to ache terribly. To my surprise I found that it seemed to be fastened to the ground. Putting my right hand up, for my left arm was under my body, I found my hair was frozen to the ice, through the blood which had flowed from a wound on my head.

Little by little I gradually released myself, and, looking about, found that I was pinned down by my dead horse, who was lying on my left leg. With the greatest difficulty I extricated myself from under him, and got to my feet after many attempts. Then I found that I could not move my left arm, and that my side was so painful that I could scarcely breathe.

I picked my way along the trail, and, to make a long story short, after a very trying journey, walking the last ten miles in a heavy snowstorm, I arrived at my cabin utterly exhausted.

It was ultimately found that my left cheekbone was smashed, my arm was broken in three places, my elbow fractured, and dislocated, besides three ribs being broken. I had to lie in my bed for three weeks; all this time heavy snowstorms were raging, and it was impossible for anyone to go either up or down the creek. Then I was taken down in a sleigh, where I saw Dr. Williams, who could do nothing for me as my arm had set solid, and I could not bend it or use it at all. Finally, I came to England and went into King's College Hospital, where Mr. William Ross (now Sir William) made a false joint by breaking the arm again, so I can now use it to a limited extent.

In conclusion, I might add that, as near as I could judge, I lay under my horse insensate from 6 p.m. to midnight. I arrived at my cabin twenty-four hours later, having walked forty miles and had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours.

## Chased by a Bear.

Moody McLeod, son of John McLeod, seventh concession of Roxborough, near Chesterville, Ont., is telling of a thrilling experience which reads like a tale of pioneer days.

Hearing his dogs barking in the woods, McLeod took his gun. Suddenly he came upon a huge black bear. McLeod fired both barrels, the second bringing down Mr. Bruin. He drew his knife and was bleeding his game, when a second, but smaller bear arrived on the scene. McLeod's gun was empty and as the bear showed fight, he struck out for the house with bruin a good second. He tripped and fell, breaking the stock of his gun, but just then the bear was attacked by one of the dogs that had been wounded and thrown under a stump by the big bear. The smaller bear climbed a tree and was kept there by the dogs till McLeod secured another gun and ended its career. The little dog was so badly wounded that he died the next day, and the other dog is badly disabled.

## Lucky for Gilbert.

During a recent speech Sir Gilbert Parker told an amusing story of his boyhood days. He had a fight with another boy, and was duly reprimanded by his father, who inquired how the other boy had fared. "I just licked him," young Gilbert replied. Upon which his father remarked, somewhat grimly, "If you had not, I would have licked you."

—New York Tribune.

## BANK FOR WOMEN ONLY

LONDON IS HOME OF A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

Miss May Bateman, the Journalist, is President of a Banking House Where All the Employees Except the Livered Porter Are Women, and Only Women May Enter—Conveniences for the Small Depositors.

Every one knows how difficult it is for the woman with a small allowance to manage it and keep track of where it goes. She is debarred from the use of a check book, which would simplify matters, because it takes a certain amount of money to open an account of this sort.

If she carries the money around with her she spends more than she should and, what is more, fritters away the whole amount in small ways until finally she does not know where it is all gone. Englishwomen have found a solution. They have started a woman's bank in London. No man may enter there, but any woman may open an account with as little as \$25 and become the proud possessor of a check book, from which she can draw against the said amount. There are a safety deposit box annex and a brokerage branch where stocks and bonds can be bought or sold by depositors. Miss May Bateman is the president of this new bank. She is the author of a number of poems and novels and has had wide journalistic



experience, extending from London to South Africa. As regards her financial experience, she was for years secretary to Sir Douglas Gordon of the board of trade and handled all his accounts. In a recent interview she gave the following facts about her novel position:

"One must remember certain things as a bank manager. I admit that I have been keenly interested in the progress of woman's advancement. But when you take up the management of a bank you have to bury all your personal views about politics, the ballot and similar controversial subjects. You must preserve a detached, or, at any rate, an absolutely impartial attitude. I am hugely enthusiastic, however. Think of it! This is the first woman's bank in this country. That means a new provision for women, and who knows what may come of it? The whole staff is composed exclusively of women, and I want to say, too, that their salaries compare well with the wages paid male employees in any bank, so there will be no talk about women ousting men from professions by taking lower wages."

"We hope to provide special advantages for women. In the first place, they can open a checking account with a deposit of only \$25. Heretofore the large deposits required by nearly all other banks have barred that privilege to women of limited means. Interest will be paid at the rate of 2-1/2 per cent. a year on the amount standing to the credit of the account where a minimum balance of \$50 has been maintained for six months."

"There will be no fees exacted for the handling of small accounts. That will be a convenience for the girl with a small dress allowance who wants a check book, and I think it is only when a girl possesses a check book that she really understands the use and value of money."

## Pearls of Great Price.

Pearls are the favorite ornament of Queen Alexandra. Her fondness for them is famous, for she is never photographed or painted without rows and ropes of them. The Duchess of Marlborough has some magnificent pearls, and the young Duchess of Roxburgh has a pearl necklace which is the largest in England, and eclipses even those of the Queen. Lady Desborough owns some wonderful pearls which were once part of the crown jewels of France, and were given by Marie Louise to the Countess of Westmoreland of that day. But Mrs. Mackay's pearls are probably the finest, view as a collection, in existence. She owns more than any other living woman, and takes an interest in them only comparable to a connoisseur's passion for pictures. Besides several single rows, worth \$100,000 each, she has a rope of pea-sized pearls nine feet long, another necklace of eight or nine rows of white pearls, and an unrivaled collection of black pearls—really black ones, not gray.

## Different Ideals.

There are as many kinds of love as there are races. A great tall German, learned, virtuous, phlegmatic, said one day, "Souls are sisters, fallen from heaven, who all at once recognize and run to meet each other." A little dry Frenchman, hot-blooded, witty, lively, replied to him: "You are right. You can always find shoes to fit."

Halifax Harbor. The harbor of Halifax, N.S., covers ten square miles.



